

THE VOICE OF INTEREST to WOMEN

THE ENGLISH WAY

Across the Pond Husbands Are Not Social Ciphers.

"Socially speaking," said the woman who has travelled abroad, "the American husband is a negligible quantity. Through inertia, pressure of business, complete confidence in his wife's ability to conduct the social game, or possibly a combination of all three, he has become but a figurehead. His wife leaves his cards with hers, and his calling obligations are held thereby passively in her hands. He is not a social cipher, but a social puppet, and he is not a puppet, but a puppet."

"Of course, being loyal patriots, we women have to pretend that we like things as they are, and, making a virtue of necessity, we loudly declare that we have no use for the type of men who frequent teas and afternoon musicals, for a real man's place during working hours is downtown in the business district. One never expects a man to appear at an afternoon function unless dragged there by an unrelenting female relative. But since I have been in England I must say that there is a great deal to be said in favor of the way things are done over there; an Englishman is of so much importance in his own household that no party is regarded as complete without him. I was never more surprised in my life than when subsequent to a luncheon tendered me by a very charming English woman her husband made a point of offering me his most profuse apologies because, forsooth, he had been unable to be present to do me honor. Now, what American husband would regard it his duty to stay at home because his wife was entertaining a luncheon guest?"

"In America when a married man meets feminine strangers to whom he desires to show courtesy he sees to it that an invitation is sent them in his wife's name. She may have never seen these persons, she may never want to see them and the invitation may have been penned while her husband brandished a bludgeon over her head, but nevertheless it must issue in the wife's name, with her apparent cordial sanction, since over here the wife is, according to all conventions, the social head of the house. But in England there appears no such stringent rule, for I have repeatedly seen men of uncounted social standing arrange little excursions and outings for women guests without a semblance of pretending the party is given by the wife as well as the husband. While the husband is arranging details, etc., the good little wife stands there looking pleasant, but without a word to say, quite as an American husband would do in this fair land of ours. In England silence on the wife's part seems to be construed into not merely acquiescence but approval, and one can be quite sure that when the appointed day arrives she will be on hand anxious to further the enjoyment of her husband's guests, quite as if she had had any say in the matter."

"And why shouldn't she? The English way is different from ours, but it has at least this advantage—it serves to keep the men alive to a sense of social responsibility."

One housewife, who has often experienced in removing a pie from the tin it was baked in by arranging two or three solid strips of stout paper or cotton across the bottom of the tin before covering with the under crust. When the pie is baked it is only necessary to take hold of the ends of these strips and lift it out.

MRS. "GUS" RUHLIN.
A suffrage star of 1911, who brought the "cause" down to the masses.

TROUBLED DEPARTURE OF THE OLD YEAR.

MRS. ARTHUR M. DODGE AND MRS. GILBERT M. JONES.
Who rejoice in the fact that the year 1911 has waked up the women who don't want votes.

WHAT IS VIRTUE?

Any Quality That Contributes to Our Wellbeing.

"I have often thought," reflected the bachelor maid, "that the virtues a man demands of a woman are those which redound to his own comfort and wellbeing. A man admires the so-called 'womanly woman'; he considers no time of hers wasted which is spent in making his home attractive. If she rises at daybreak to prepare his breakfast, verily she does well. If she occupies her afternoon in the kitchen manufacturing his favorite dessert, which at dinner he will dispose of in two gulps and a gurgle, she is much wiser than those foolish women who spend their golden hours in so-called improvement of their minds, and purchase their husband's deserts at the corner bakery."

"No wonder a man lacks enthusiasm for a woman's entering upon the study of law, medicine or any other learned pursuit which will take her away from where he needs her most. Yet, she does not waste her time if she practices hours at the piano learning to play and sing his favorite airs, conducive to brightening his hours of ease. Nor is her time ill spent at the dressmaker's, hairdresser's, manicure's—so long as she is adorning herself for his eyes, truly she is a virtuous woman. A man is much more disposed to be tolerant of the silly maiden who catches pneumonia from parading in silk stockings and patent leather pumps in zero weather, than of the misguided young woman with aspirations for a career who breaks down with overstudy for her bar examinations. A woman's success in passing bar examinations will never do a man any good."

"Yet, after all, we women are quite as self-interested in our ideals of what virtue a man should possess. We demand from him physical, muscular strength; capable of moving trunks about the house, while we stand still and do the heavy brain work. We expect him to rejoice in tossing about our overladen suitcases; of course, a man ought to enjoy doing all those things that women can't do for themselves."

"There are various unremunerative fields in which we prefer that our menfolk should not enter. Art is long and time is fleeting, and, let it be the first of the month, when the bills come in. Every woman in a way is financially dependent upon a man's earnings; his life in an all day job. While we fritter our days away in a hundred and one varied devices for killing time, we demand that our male relatives shall stick at their work and that their work must be the greatest money making pursuit of which they are capable. Matrimonially speaking, minor poets, minor artists, actors and musicians are all at a discount in the eyes of the women, who expect a man to be first and foremost a good provider for his family."

"According to my way of thinking, our whole lives are spent in the unconscious adjustment between the ideals for our own happy existence as solitary units and the ideals necessary for the satisfaction of our life partners, real or imaginary."

RESURRECTION OF THE SAMPLER.

Happy is the woman who numbers among her inherited treasures a family sampler, showing the needlework of her female forbears and recording interesting ancestral dates and facts. A few years ago such things were regarded as useless, if interesting, relics, and were carefully put away where no one ever saw them. Now they are cherished and exhibited with pride, their perfect stitches examined and their coloring raved over. One finds them hung on walls and used as table covers, but perhaps the best disposition to make of them is to place them under glass in the bottom of a tea tray, for here the treasure is safe from harm, though in constant use.

For a mixture that is excellent for removing greasy spots from woollens, use an ounce of pulverized borax, half an ounce of gum camphor and a quart of boiling water. Bottle the mixture and shake well before using.

A SIMPLE LINIMENT.

A simple liniment that is good for a strained back after a siege of housework calls for four tablespoonfuls of strong ammonia, four tablespoonfuls of alcohol, two large tablespoonfuls of salt and about a quart of rain water. Put these ingredients into a bottle and shake well. As soon as the salt is dissolved it is ready for use. When needed rub the back with the liniment and continue the rubbing until the surface is warm with the friction.

Club and Social Notes

The Pen and Brush Club will commemorate the 20th anniversary of the birth of Jeanne d'Arc on Saturday in the new club rooms, at No. 122 East 10th street. Mrs. Ida Brady Judd will read Mark Twain's "Saint Joan of Arc." Among the addresses of Jeanne d'Arc who have been invited are Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, Theodore Roosevelt and Lady Gregory. Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton is the president of the club.

The Old English Settlers of Manhattan is the subject for a meeting of the Society of New York State Women on Thursday at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mrs. J. Heron Crossman, as guest of honor, will make a speech, and Mrs. Edwin De Wolf Moore, historian of the society, will read a paper. Old English music has been prepared by Mrs. Irene Lyon. The society will celebrate its anniversary with a reception and card party on Friday.

The New York Theatre Club, of which Mrs. Bella de Rivera is president, will discuss "The Passenger" at a members' meeting on Tuesday at the Hotel Astor. Miss Amelia F. Spennung will present a paper, and Mrs. Sidney Lawrence Hall, president of the Shakespeare Club, will read. A surprise programme is being planned for the social meeting on January 15. The club has made a New Year's resolution that hereafter all hats must be removed at meetings.

The Chicago Club will start the new year with a "philanthropic" meeting at Saturday at the club rooms, No. 46 East 20th street. The speakers will be Miss Sadie American and Miss Agnes Laird. The programme is under the direction of Mrs. "Dah" Everett Ward, who, as president, started the Chicago Club on its philanthropic career years ago by taking shares in the hotel for working girls run by the City Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. J. J. Fields gave a dinner on Friday for her daughter, Miss Anne Victoria Fields, and a number of her friends. After the dinner all went to the dance at Bretton Hall given by the Light Horse Harry Lee Society, Children of the American Revolution.

The Waughal Ladies' Aid Society of New York will celebrate its fifteenth anniversary with a New Year's Eve banquet and ball to-night at the Hotel Astor. Aaron J. Levy will be the chief speaker. The affair is being arranged by Mrs. Marie Wittenberg, assisted by Mrs. F. Adler, Mrs. F. Ziegler, Mrs. Cecelia Kolbert, Mrs. T. Spiegel and Mrs. Rose Lippe.

Having sent a poem to the Duchess of Connaught welcoming her and the duke to the New Year, Miss Bessie O'Byrne, No. 35 East 21st street, has just received a letter from the duchess's lady-in-waiting assuring her that their royal highnesses were delighted with the verses and with the kind sentiments expressed therein.

Resolutions of sympathy and good will to Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst and the body of which she is leader, the Woman's Social and Political Union of England, will be presented by six suffrage organizations at the meeting at which Mrs. Pankhurst will

speak, at Carnegie Hall, next Friday evening. The six organizations are the National Woman Suffrage Association, the New York State Woman Suffrage Association, the Woman Suffrage party, the Collegiate Equal Suffrage League and the Syracuse and Schenectady branches of the Woman's Political Union, under whose auspices the meeting is held. All these organizations and probably others will be represented on the platform.

Mrs. Frederick Hazard, of Syracuse, who was in England at the time of the last suffrage deputation to the gates of Parliament and who witnessed the scenes of the deputation's repulse, will give a talk on the matter to a number of women at a reception at the home of Mrs. John Winters Brannan, No. 11 East 12th street, next Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Harriet Johnston Wood will discuss the initiative, referendum and recall at the meeting of the Legislative League of New York on January 4 at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Plans are almost complete for the Thackeray centenary, which is to be held on January 24 and 25 at the 69th Regiment Armory for the benefit of the educational work among the Southern mountaineers. The auxiliary board of managers, which constitutes the general committee for the celebration, will meet on Tuesday morning at the armory to complete some details of setting and decoration, while in the evening those who will take part in the tableaux and assist in Terrell's Tavern will gather again at Mrs. Henry Randolph Stuyvesant's apartment in the Osborne.

The patronesses are Mrs. Fritz Achelis, Mrs. Henry Clay Adams, Miss Elizabeth F. Agnew, Mrs. George D. Agnew, Mrs. Archibald Alexander, Mrs. William Loring Andrews, Mrs. Waldorf Astor, Mrs. Courtenay Bennett, Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. Camille C. Dix, Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, Mrs. John R. Drake, Lady Elliot, of London; Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mrs. Henry O. Havemeyer, Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. Henry Fairfield Osborn, Mrs. Louis Livingston Seaman, Mrs. James Speyer, Mrs. L. N. Phelps Stokes, Mrs. J. M. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Henry Villard and Mrs. Payne Whitney.

The nursery children of the South Ferry branch of the Little Mothers' Aid Association had their usual Christmas tree, provided by Miss Roe, of White Plains, on Tuesday. Clothing, toys and a box of candy were given to each child, all the dolls being the gift of Mrs. William Schroeder. The children at No. 235 Second avenue also had a beautiful tree, the gifts of Mrs. Robert H. McHenry. Each child received a pair of rubber and stockings, with dolls for the girls and horses and carts for the boys. After the distribution of the gifts they had a dinner, with the usual Christmas menu. The nursery in The Bronx, at No. 365 East 141st street, of which Mrs. Julia Lathers is chairman, has a large tree, laden with gifts, and each mother received an apron.

Notices intended for this department should be addressed to "Club and Social Notes" and reach the office not later than Friday morning.

Your Daughter's Vocation

If She Has a Taste for Cooking She May Find Her Fortune Right in Her Own Kitchen.

By MARY MARSHALL.

CHAPTER IX.

Every once in a while it occurs to some clever woman that right in her own kitchen lies the field of her future success and her life work, so, instead of dreaming about going to Europe to cultivate her voice or going to college she puts on her gingham apron, rolls up her sleeves and makes a name and fortune for herself at cooking.

This is no fairy story or day dream. One young woman has built up a candy business that brings her from \$3,000 to \$4,000 a year from the humble beginnings of homemade chocolates occasionally sold to her friends. Another young woman has a fruit-preserving establishment that began with a few extra jars of apple jelly that she carried to the corner grocer man to sell for her.

To a young woman who had an invalid sister to cater to, the family physician said one day:

"It would help me a good deal if I were always sure my patients could get the right kind of food in a tempting way. The trouble with most cooks and housewives is that they cook for people with a normal appetite, but you have got the problem of invalid cooking down to a science."

The family budget was low, and the question of paying the doctor's bills weighed heavily on the shoulders of the sister, who had never been trained to earn money. What the doctor said set her thinking, and before many weeks had passed she had decided to be an invalid caterer. Through the recommendation of the family physician she soon built up a nice little business, and before long many physicians were prescribing her broths, custards, jellies and breads to their patients. Within a year the "invalid cook" had employed a small

delivery boy to carry her things to her customers. The business grew rapidly. Not only sick folk, but old people and delicate children were added to her list of patrons. Within a few years several kitchen assistants—dressed in sate and span white dresses and caps—were regularly employed to keep her orders filled, and her own annual profits from this well established business have now passed the \$3,000 mark.

Still another woman earns enough from the sale of fancy cakes in a fashionable resort to send two sons to college and to keep up a country home for herself and her mother.

Surely, good profit can be made in home cooking, and yet we all know of women who have tried and have not made it go—the woman who peddles her little cakes and puddings about among her friends and scarcely makes enough profit from them to pay her carfare; and the farmer's wife who brings her "canned goods" to the general store in a village where every housewife "puts up" her own fruit, and has to carry them all back again at the end of the season.

These women fail at home cooking, not so much because their things are not good as because they do not go to the right market. And this getting into the right market is a trick that many women never seem to learn. In the first place, it is quite natural, when you come to think of it, that the best market for simple homemade pies, cakes, jellies and puddings is in the hotel districts and fashionable neighborhoods of a big city, where elaborate French cooking grows tiresome and folks hanker after the simple fare of their childhood.

"The taste for homemade things grows

more noticeable every year," said a buyer in the employ of a Fifth avenue grocery house in New York City. "Our customers will pay double for homemade jellies and mince meat and pickles just because they are tired of factory products."

This buyer went on to explain that his firm bought regularly from seven or eight home cooks, each of whom handled a single line of goods, and that any woman who could turn out a first rate line of homemade jelly, jam, mince meat or preserves put up in attractive manner could easily net an income of \$150 a month. Most, if not all, of the successful home producers for this grocery do not live in New York City, but ship their goods to the big city from a radius of from 100 to 100 miles.

The city art exchanges which usually require only 10 per cent commission for making sales, besides annual dues of \$2 or \$3, place large quantities of homemade cakes, preserves, puddings, breads, etc., in big cities.

Big cities are not the only places where home cooking finds a market, though they do take by far the greatest amount of simple preserves and jellies. A woman who can make the more elaborate fancy cakes, sandwiches, salads, wedding cake, croquettes—that sort of thing that the ordinary home cook could not manage—can reap a good harvest in a smaller town where good professional caterers are not so plentiful as in the large cities. Many women make a good income at this sort of cooking supplying the refreshments for weddings and receptions.

One profitable market for the home cook is in the college town, and the richer the college the better the market. At Princeton, for instance, a young woman makes a good living on the sale of homemade candies and cakes to the students. In another college town a woman makes a success of filling orders for "spreads" for the college boys.

So, in thinking over your market, either fit your specialty to the market nearest you or take your specialty to the most suitable market.

Another point that goes a long way in marketing home kitchen products is in the manner of getting them up. A cake of ambrosia frosted with nectar, packed in a shabby piece of pasteboard torn from an old hat box, wrapped in a piece of paper that looks as if it had been saved from a department store bundle and tied with a tattered looking piece of string would go begging anywhere, yet it is not difficult to find a market in the women's exchanges in the big cities for a very simple little patty-cake if it is wrapped in a crisp, neat oiled paper package.

Some women starting out in home cooking think they cannot afford to spend \$25 or \$50 on jelly jars, boxes, paper, labels, ribbon, cord, baskets, etc., but if they are unwilling to take this risk their success may be a long time in coming—or never.

One young woman who is putting herself through college on jelly, jam and marmalade, made on her father's farm in the summer time, spends as much on her fixings as she does on the fruit and sugar she uses.

So, too, the woman who sells the greatest amount of homemade preserved fruits and jellies in the grocery stores of New York City spends a good part of her total cost of production on getting them put up in attractive form.

The practical experience of these women already successfully engaged in home cooking might be summed up with good advice to the prospective home cook: Divide your energy into three parts—in cooking good things, in packing them attractively and in finding and keeping the right market.

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Both Sides Claim Him

Suffragists and "Antis" Alike Say That the Year 1911 Has Been One of Progress.

It was just midnight. High up in the dark tower Trinity bells began tolling the end of the Old Year, while the New Year's revelers in the street whistled their droll for an instant. It was then that a droll-looking young woman elbowed her way through the crowd and beyond into the dark corner behind the clock tower. She had not long to wait. At the last stroke of 12 there sounded a feeble step on the stairs and the rattle of a rusty scythe. The Old Year was tottering down into the churchyard, but the determined-looking woman stood in his way. She drew a "Votes for Women" badge from her pocket.

"Not so fast, old man," she said. "You must have a badge."

The Old Year groaned. "Can't you let me die in peace?" he begged. "All the year you have tormented me, but I have done well for you. Spare a dying man."

"Father," said the woman, "you know you wouldn't be happy without confessing you're on our side. Here, let me pin it on you."

A scuffle in the dark. Trinity bells tolled in the tower. Then suddenly a flash of light, a joyful cry and the "anti" jumped over the fence and took the old man in her motherly arms. "He's mine!" she cried. "He's mine! You suffragettes shan't have him."

"He's mine! He's mine!" the other hissed. "Why should you claim him? He's done nothing for you."

"Nineteen hundred and eleven has done everything for us," the "anti" answered. "All over the country the women have waked up to the danger that besets them. They realize as never before that they must protect against the added burden of suffrage or else a misguided few who think they will force it upon all."

"Like California!" suggested the suffragette. The Old Year shivered. "Yes, like California," said the "anti," stoutly. "For that was the most valuable lesson we learned in 1911. In spite of our workers whom we sent out, in spite of the societies we formed, you won the vote, simply because the people didn't realize the danger. Why, Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge told me only yesterday that only 60 per cent of the men voted on that suffrage amendment because they considered it so unimportant. The men who did not vote were enough to have saved the day, if they had realized."

"Tooth!" said the "gette." "We won six suffrage states now. Hurrah for California! Hurrah! Hur!"

"Guch!" shrieked the old man. Investigation showed that the suffragette, in her excitement had tramped on the poor thing's big toe (which was bare after the manner of years). She was all contrition in an instant.

"The poor dear!" she said. "After he gave us that lovely victory in California, to step on his toe! And there were mere women enfranchised there than in all four of the states that had the vote before, and—"

"Who told you?"

"Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National Woman Suffrage Association. Like to hear more she said? She said wherever the 'antis' went there the suffrage cause triumphed. There never was a majority like that in Los Angeles, where there were two anti-suffrage societies. The year 1911 has seen an awakening all over

the country. Sixty thousand members have been added to the national association."

"The 'antis' have a national, too, that is growing like a summer sunrise, sending its light into those states which had no organization to oppose suffrage and showing the thinking women there that suffrage will give them no positive benefits and only added burdens."

"They don't have to vote," interrupted the suffragist.

"My friend," said the "anti," severely, "can you imagine a conscientious woman neglecting a duty—even one that was thrust upon her against her will? That was the reason the women voted in California and Washington."

"Yes, I noticed they voted." The suffragist winked at the Old Year, but he had not forgotten his too.

"Here in the East," continued the calm voice, "there have been many new societies to oppose suffrage, and greater activity among those already existing. Mrs. Gilbert Jones, president of the National League for the Civic Education of Women, here in New York, says an astonishingly large number of women have joined her society during the last year, manifesting keener interest than ever before in civic problems. Women's state has improved. Men have grown more courteous. Women have grown more intelligent—that is, they are not content to be merely opposed to suffrage, they want to know why they are opposed to it. Our public lecturers have been busier than ever."

"Those women who go about the country persuading other women they ought to stay at home?"

"Those women who help other women to realize they do not need the trifle that the vote is. Look at the women teachers of New York City. They get equal pay with our men."

"Took 'em six years,"

"All great reforms come slowly. Look, then, at the improvements in laws for women, in pure food and milk, in playgrounds and recreation centres—these reforms women can influence better without the vote, because they are then free from party affiliations."

"Yes; and look at the way women who try to do reform work soon become suffragists. And look at the way the movement has spread like wildfire over the city this last year. There was the great parade in May; the open air meetings that congregated so many people on the streets; the suffrage luncheons, the lectures in the moving picture shows, and Mrs. Ruhl—well, you needn't laugh; Mrs. Ruhl heads a very important movement. Suffrage has spread into the masses this last year. The common people, the men who used to live on the cheap cartoons, are now taking it seriously. Didn't Tim Sullivan come out for it?"

"And Mrs. Mackay went back on it."

"She didn't."

"She didn't."

"She—well, anyway, Mrs. Belmont stirred up her luncheon and most of her suffrage clubs."

"And opened up new and better headquarters."

"And her farthestest! The rise and fall of the farmerettes—that would make a lovely novel."

"There have been two suffrage novels this year."

"And all the others were 'anti.'"

"Oh, well, if— Oh, look out for the

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